

It was a very merry one, and when the evening came to an end all were ready for bed.

Everything suggested that this night of the *zgth* of January would be as tranquil as the many others spent in the quietude of Rock Castle and Falconhurst.

Nevertheless, neither M. Zermatt nor his companions would depart from their customary caution, although all danger seemed to have gone with the last of the canoes. It was therefore arranged that some should make the usual nightly rounds while the others remained on guard at the battery.

As soon as the women and Bob had gone into the store. Jack, Ernest, Frank, and John Block, with their guns over their shoulders, set out to the north end of the island. Fritz and Captain Gould went up the knoll and took their place under the hangar, as it was their turn to go on guard until sunrise.

Mr. Wolston, M. Zermatt, and James stayed *in* the store, where they were free to sleep until dawn.

The night was a dark one, with no moon. The atmosphere was thick with the evaporations from the heated earth. The breeze had fallen at evening. Profound silence reigned, Nothing was

audible

save the surf of the incoming tide, which  
to  
flow about eight o'clock.

Harry Gould and Fritz sat side by side,  
memories of all the events, good and ifl,  
that h\*d,,  
followed each other after the *Ft&g* Jiad  
cast